

## The Fire Thief

I watch Alison  
    play with the beachball  
see her tossing it in the air  
her little mind  
    computing the landingpoint

    where will it land, then  
    how will it roll, and  
    why?

stretching her brain  
    out to its limits  
claiming for her own personal science  
new territory  
    from the blackness.

## The Flowermaster

Every morning I look  
and my dahlias are come bigger.  
Every second day I water em  
every third I hoe.

Soon I'll have to get out the stakes  
for tying support, then  
a little nitrogen, some chlorodene  
just before blossom time.

Then they'll blossom and I'll find out  
how I'll make out at the fairs  
am I first prize material this year  
or second or third

and the thought sticks in my mind  
leaving a weird series of afterthoughts  
the thought of vandals hopping the fence  
kicking all my dahlias down.